

WASTED ELOQUENCE.

A LOT OF JERICHO ORATORY THAT COUNTED FOR NAUGHT.

Rep. Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells Why the Discussion Over Ornamenting the Top of the Town Hall Tower Was Absolutely Futile.

[Copyright, 1920, by C. R. Lewis.]
Jericho has been building a town hall for the last six years. It was to be a tower in the middle, and there has been a good deal of discussion as to what should be on top of that tower. Some stuck for a gilt ball, some for a rooster, some for a cross with the pinnacles of the compass on 'em. The town board wanted to please the majority, and a meeting was called one night last week to settle what the thing should be. Nobody realized how intense the feeling was till the meeting opened. Squar' Josiah headed the gilt ball party, and he got up and spoke for 15 minutes without stopping to wipe the sweat off the back of his neck. He started in 250 years B. C. and came slipping down to now like soft soap gliding down the oil of Jericho. He ended that a gilt ball on the top of a tower had allus bin considered an emblem of innocence. It would be the first thing a stranger would look for when enterin the town of Jericho. If he saw that gilt ball, he'd put up at the tavern and feel safe and go away



THE ROOSTER WAS AN EMBLEM OF GRIT AND INDEPENDENCE.

speakin well of the town. If he didn't, he'd set the folks down as vicious and desperate and drive on to Tarrytown or Dobbs Ferry. The squar' wanted that ball as big as a pumpkin, and he wanted real gold leaf fur glidin, and he closed his speech with an appeal to the people to continue to be innocent and happy. Deacon Spooner was chairman of the meeting, as usual, and when the squar' got down the deacon said he'd made a p'int. Enos Williams was then called upon. He headed the faction who wanted a rooster. Enos didn't go as far back as the squar'. He has asthma and is short of breath, and so he started out with Columbus to discover America. He had bin readin up on roosters. He couldn't find that rooster was an emblem of innocence, but he didn't want no innocence on a court-house tower. The stranger would find innocence when he come to play checkers or trade houses with a Jerichian. The rooster was an emblem of grit and independence. He was a bird who went to bed at sundown, got up before sunrise and was lustin all day. A rooster on top of that tower would signify that Jericho could take care of herself and didn't bow down to any other town in the state. He was out of breath and had busted a suspender when he got down, and Deacon Spooner rapped with a cane and said:

"Enos has not only made a speech equal to anything Henry Clay ever got off, but he's made a thunderin p'int in favor of the rooster. I was ag'in the rooster when I come here, but I've almost changed my mind. Let us hear from Silas Bebee."

Silas was one who wanted the pinnacles of the compass put on. He was born in Jericho when the town had but three houses and had been turned around for 50 years. The only way he could tell north from south or east from west was to make a black spot on Uncle Jim Green's barn door, and he never forgot to the back end of his own cornfield without gittin lost and havin to whistle to his wife. His speech was up to date. He didn't go back over 15 months. He said that what allus ailed Jericho was what would allus keep her down was the want of knowin the compass pinnacles. He wasn't the only one who was turned around. Half the folks in town couldn't go buckin-berryin without gittin lost and wanderin around all night. Hogs and dogs walked around in a circle because they was confused, and every time there was a lawsuit most of the witnesses said west for east. An emblem of innocence would be all right, and a rooster would be a thing of beauty, but both would be beaten by compass pinnacles.

"Silas has made a purty good speech and a purty good p'int," says the deacon, "and I'm sorter lettin go of the rooster and lettin him go. I thought I've lived in Jericho for 22 years, I can't make out yit whether my p'p'les is on the north or west side of the house. I'm understandin that Ellisha Taylor has euntin to spring on this meetin, and we are ready to hear it."

Ellisha was ready. He had bin statchin in the growth of the town hall for six long years, and he had bin his eye on the tower day and night. He had looked at it from the street and from the roof of his barn. He had looked at it at noonday and equited at it at midnight and had come to one unalterable conclusion—he wanted the finger of a giant stuck in the top of that tower, and he wanted that giant to be p'intin upwards, same as on a gravestone he saw in Buffalo. The angel would signify the goodness of Jericho, and strangers would no longer stop and raise a row because they couldn't get a glass of beer or find anybody to take a hand at poker. Her p'intin upward would be an object lesson to the Sunday school children, and the night of her would calm the feelin of a man about to lick his wife.

There was a howl of derision as Ellisha sat down, and the deacon said that so p'int had bin made. He was a deacon of the church and a good man, but he'd never consent to let a gilt ball on top of the town hall. He might spit upwards or downwards or any

other way, but angels didn't belong on towers. He called upon Beverly Jones for his views, and Beverly jumped up and declared himself in favor of the American eagle. If a rooster signified grit and independence, an eagle signified all that and a dozen things more. An eagle stood for liberty, freedom and equal rights. It was the emblem of a glorious republic. Its wings sheltered the helpless as well as the strong, and its soft cooing lulled the infant to sleep, while its scream sent the father to the field of battle to fight for the grandest principles of mankind. It was a rattlin speech. Full of red-hot patriotism, and Deacon Spooner said that Daniel Webster never approached it in his palmist days. It didn't affect the other factions, however. They stuck out for the gilt ball, the rooster, the compass pinnacles and the angel, and each one declared his'd fight to the bitter end.

As a compromise, Jim Shores, who didn't care what they put up, moved for a gilt goat, and Abraham Scott, who was goin to move away and had lost all interest, moved for a monkey, but they was heated down and everybody began to jam his elbows around and call everybody else a hog. There was every sign that the meetin would break up in a free fight, when there came a flash and an awful clap of thunder, and at the same time Lish Billings walked in to get out of the rain. Deacon Spooner appealed to him to save the honor of Jericho by bringin about harmony, and Lish looked around and replied:

"As I understand it, this crowd is divided as to what shall ornament the top of the city hall tower?"
"That's it," yells everybody.
"And you've bin jawin and speechifyin fur the last three hours without settlin on anything? Well, I don't see no use of any more bein said."
"But what's your idea, Lish?" asks the deacon.
"My idea is that that fast thunderbolt knocked your blamed old tower into a Continental cocked hat, and that you kin save your breath to pick up the silver fur kindlin wood."

And the crowd rushed out and found that Lish was k'ect. M. QUAD.

THEIR NEIGHBORLY WAY.

Didn't Wait Long to Begin Borrowing Things.

A young woman of Washington birth and rearing, who has made her home for these three years past in a small Indiana town, says that for fact and diplomacy she knows nobody to equal her neighbors out there. She had scarcely settled herself in her new home when one day she heard a hen proudly cackling in her back yard. She went out to see what could have brought a strange hen into her yard and found that the fowl had just laid an egg in the woodbox outside the kitchen door. While she was still wondering where on earth the creature had come from the shock head of a thin and tall girl of 12 rose over the fence which divided the yard from the yard of the house next door.

"Hello," said the girl.
"Good morning," answered the Washingtonian.
"We got plenty of eggs," remarked the girl. "Maw says you kin have that one our hen jes' laid in that woodbox y'ours."

"Thank you very much," said the Washingtonian.
The girl still hung on the fence.
"We ain't goin to charge you nothin fer it," she went on.
"That's very kind, indeed," answered the new neighbor.

"It's a gift," remarked the girl.

Then there was silence for a few moments. The girl still clung to her side of the fence.
"Say," she said finally, "maw says now you're acquainted with us folks she'd like to borrow a tack hammer." Washingtonian.

A LITTLE KNOWN ART.

The Tobacco Flavorer Has Short Hours and Draws Big Pay.

"A high grade position of which but little is known, except to the trade," observed a prominent tobacco manufacturer to a Washington Star reporter. "His name is known as the 'flavorer' the man who is responsible for the flavor of all the grades of goods made and who sees to it that the flavor is kept the same year in and year out, it matters not where the tobacco that goes in them comes from or the conditions under which it has grown. Of course tobacco manufacturers endeavor to use the same kind of tobacco all the time, but circumstances at times render this impossible."

"As an illustration, our company had bought up and stored away enough tobacco to make up all our brands of smoking tobacco and cigarettes for the year, when all of a sudden our stores, houses, when destroyed by fire, and our stock went out at existence. There was no more tobacco of that particular grade to be bought, and we were driven into new fields. The tobacco being raised on a different soil and being slightly different as far as seed and stem were concerned, the flavor was also different. Smokers, and chewers as well, insist on the same flavor all the time."

"Here is where the flavorer comes in. By his art and skill he can make tobacco that grows on low lands taste and smell the same as that grown on high lands. He can make tobacco grown during a dry season taste the same flavor as that grown during the rainy season. Tobacco grown in different ends of the same state or in different states are by his treatment the same, as far as the consumer is concerned. He draws big money; but, though he comes high, as the traveling show companies say, 'we must have them.'"

"As may be imagined, there are not many who are competent to do the work, and as a result they range in salaries all the way from \$8 to \$10 per day of about one hour's actual work. They are employed, however, but about nine months in each year."

Fire and Mosquitoes.
Italian peasants living in swampy regions still follow the old custom of lighting fires for the purpose of purifying the air of malarial poison. As a matter of fact, this is the worst thing they could do, as the fire attracts mosquitoes, which are now known to be transmitters of malarial fever.

At Peckforton, Cheshire, England, is to be seen a very queer beehive. It is in the shape of a castle on an elephant's back and is carved in stone.

HIS START IN LIFE.

IT WAS A GOOD ONE AND WAS THRUST ON HIM BY ACCIDENT.

The Incident Wouldn't Have Happened if a Short-sighted Real Estate Auctioneer Had Not Forgotten His Eyeglasses.

"I owe my start in life to the fact that an estimable old gentleman forgot to put his eyeglasses in his pocket one morning," said a prosperous business man from a sister city. "It's rather a curious story," he went on, "and I'll tell it as briefly as possible. A good many years ago, when I was a young fellow of 25 or thereabouts, I drifted into Louisville in search of a job that didn't entail a lot of study. The only sort of work I found myself practically broke in a strange city. Up to that time I had always worked for small wages and had never succeeded in accumulating as much as \$50, but I had an abiding faith that if I could once get hold of a modest stake I could launch out for myself and make some money."

"One morning, when I was wandering about with only two or three silver dollars in my pocket, looking for a chance to go to work at anything that might offer, I dropped into a big down stairs room where some real estate was being sold at auction. A large crowd was present and there was an indescribable feeling of tension in the air that warned me something unusual was about to happen. "While I was standing there, only vaguely interested, the auctioneer, who was quite an elderly gentleman, put up a piece of improved city property and after a considerable pause, received a bid of \$200. I could see that the smallness of the amount excited surprise, and I was also aware of a commotion in one corner where half a dozen previous bidders were gathered together in an excited group. They seemed to be quarreling about something, and meanwhile the auctioneer was indignantly appealing for a respectable offer."

"Make it \$2,500!" he shouted. "Does any gentleman bid \$2,500?" He looked directly at me, and I made a gesture of denial. "Thank you," he exclaimed, greatly to my surprise. "The gentleman over there bids \$2,500, and, if I can help it, no combination of buyers is going to be allowed to dictate prices at this sale." With that he suddenly knocked down the property to me. "No sooner was this done," continued the story teller, "than a great uproar of protests arose from the group in the corner. They insisted that they had been given no chance to bid, but the auctioneer stood firm and called me to the platform, requested my name and address and a 20 per cent cash deposit on the \$2,500."

"By that time I realized, of course, that some extraordinary chance had thrown a line piece of property into my hands at a fraction of its real value, and I did some quick thinking. 'I've just acquired a fortune,' I said to myself, 'and I'll have it here in 15 minutes.' "The auctioneer looked at the clock. 'All right,' he replied, 'I'll give you that limit.'"

"Then I took a desperate chance. I pushed through the crowd, which was already interested in the next sale, and beckoned to a little fat man who had been one of the loudest kickers a few moments before. "Look here," I said, drawing him aside. "Do you want to be my silent partner for an hour or so?"

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I gave him the truth in a dozen words. 'Now let me have that \$500 deposit money,' I added, 'and we'll share the profits, whatever they are.' "The little man looked at me abashedly. "This is a big joke on all of us," he said, grinning, "and I guess I'll risk the deposit."

"At the same time he counted out \$500 and put it in my hands. I raced back to the desk with the cash, clinched the sale and before noon had the deed in my possession. Then, to make a long story short, my silent partner offered me \$1,000 cash for my interest, and as \$1,000 looked about as big as a mountain at that stage of the game I promptly accepted. That thousand, fortunately placed, gave me the start that has kept me going ever since.

"But what about the eyeglasses, did you say? Why, the auctioneer, as I afterward learned, was very near-sighted, and on the morning to which I refer he had forgotten his glasses. That was why he mistook my gesture of disavowal for a sign of assent and forced me, in spite of myself, into a good thing. I never understood the exact true inwardness of the deal, but the facts in the rough were that a clique of speculators had formed a combine to keep down prices, but owing to some misunderstanding, failed to bid promptly on the property which I secured. The auctioneer was on to the game and anxious to break it up; hence his precipitancy in knocking down the lot to yours truly. I heard, later on, that that party silent partner made \$8,000 out of the transaction, but I didn't begrudge him the money. The \$500 he gave me on faith that morning was worth fully 10 per cent a minute."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

PRETTY ROUGH SPORT.

A Cruel Game Played in the Camps of Canadian Lumbermen.

So full of peril is the lumberman's life that even his sports and games must be spiced with danger and will fall upon his taste. On the long winter nights a cruel game called "Jack, where be ye?" is frequently played.

The middle of the largest room in the camp is cleared. Two men are securely blindfolded, and having previously drawn lots for the first knock, they kneel on the floor. In his right hand each man holds a stout leather strap, or a log, or a held by the end, either close to the floor, or in some case, actually on it. The latter strap, being kept taut by the combatants, guarantees a uniform distance between them. They are quite near enough to hurt each other severely, which not infrequently happens.

Now, the man who has been lucky enough to draw the first call shouts, "Jack, where be ye?" to which his opponent must immediately answer, "Here I be." Then the first man strikes at the place where he imagines his adversary to be with the heavy leather strap. If he hits his man, he is entitled to another blow—may call out again, "Jack, where be ye?" and the other must answer, "Here I be." This is continued till the first man misses, when he must take his turn at being struck.

The others form a ring around the two combatants, bets are made, and each faction encourages and applauds its chosen man. There are regular rounds, and the game is usually kept up until one or the other has had enough or perhaps till one is carried off the scene wounded. Hard heads can stand hard knocks, and volunteers for the sport are numerous. At the beginning there is generally a respite. A hard blow is struck—it is expected—it is the game. But it occasionally happens that the game develops into a fierce duel.—Pearson's.

CLOSE FIGURING.

How a Woman Upheld Her Reputation For Economy.

She was the wife of an official of a St. Paul street corporation. Her one pet hobby was economy. Though her husband made an excellent salary, she was rigid in her rules pertaining to the buying of the necessities for the household. She would hunt bargain counters and market stalls for hours in order to get the benefit of a reduction of a few cents on the article desired. The corporation official, with much laughter, used to tease his better half about what he called her "stinginess."

"Things ain't as they used to be," she complained. "Why, I ain't got quints enough ter go round the beds, there's two of the best chairs broken, an I ain't got no dress there's broken fit ter go ter meetin, an if I was ter die tonight I wouldn't hev a cap ter be buried in."

The old man had stood the whining as long as he could.

"Blast it all, then," he fiercely ejaculated. "why didn't yer die when yer did hev a cap?"

ALL A MISTAKE.

But a Mighty Serious Fact Just the Same.

There is a story of a man who was put in public pillory because he couldn't pay a small debt. An anxious friend came to his rescue, but the creditor refused to be satisfied until he saw the man in the pillory. "Perhaps not," replied the victim of mistaken justice, "but here I am."



The seemingly impossible often comes true. "If a man should tell his friends that he was dying of indigestion many of them would say, 'Why, man, indigestion isn't a killing complaint!'" His all-sufficient answer would be, "It is killing me." The fact is, indigestion is the all-cause of the most distressing of all complaints. The worst diseases of the flesh is due to have their beginnings in bad digestion. People who die of wasting illnesses and blood diseases are simply starved to death because the stomach and blood-making glands don't furnish sufficient nourishment to feed the constitution. Most of the people who die of consumption die because their lungs can't get enough good blood from the digestive organs.

When these fail to do their work and a torpid liver allows the circulation to become choked up with bilious poisons, the whole system is laid wide open to every form of malignant and fatal malady. People by hundreds write every day to Dr. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y., declaring that his "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured them of some dangerous illness that the doctors could not master; yet all that this "Discovery" does is to enable the digestive and nutritive organs to make good blood, and gives the liver power to keep it pure. Nature does the rest.

An instance of how the digestive organism affects the whole body for good or evil is shown in the case of a little girl living in Chicago, Nebraska. Her father, Mr. C. C. Russell, in a grateful letter to Dr. Pierce, writes: "Our little girl had a severe attack of grip. It settled in her stomach, causing her to vomit and have diarrhea. After two doctors who gave up the case, the third, Dr. Pierce, sent her 'Golden Medical Discovery' and she was almost impossible to get to sleep. After taking one bottle I felt greatly relieved, and after using seven bottles she was entirely cured. Dr. Pierce's medicine is all I claim to be. It is worth its weight in gold to every family."

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as one day, feeling hurt at his income, he resolved to take him to market with her and demonstrate beyond a doubt that she was a most economical buyer. He consented, stipulating that he was not to be asked to carry the basket.

Arriving at the market, she made several purchases, and then at one stall inquired the price of eggs.

"What," she exclaimed, "16 cents a dozen?" No, indeed, that is too high." She dragged her reluctant husband after her from one stand to another, still inquiring the price of eggs and still receiving the same answer until near the upper end of the market. Here she found a dealer who offered to sell her eggs in any quantity for 15 cents. To her husband she said joyously:

"There, I told you so. Why, those others were robbers." Turning to the salesman, she ordered half a dozen eggs, gravely handed him the 8 cents asked in payment and went home, prattling away about the worth of economy in marketing and the alleged willingness of dealers to gouge the unsuspecting customer. And to this day she does not know that her husband and his friends laughed over it at the club.—Baltimore Sun.

A Tricky Dog.
Not long ago a very fat spaniel was introduced into the house where a fox terrier had always been the master. The latter was told, however, to behave well to the newcomer and not to bully him. So the two seemed fairly friendly and in the end got into the habit of taking short rambles together.

However, the fox terrier was evidently of a thoughtful disposition and on one occasion came along with the spaniel, which was easy enough to leap off, but there was greater difficulty in returning. The fox terrier sprang down the bank and entered his heavy companion to follow, with the result that the latter could not get back while the former, by reason of his greater activity, was easily able to do so. The fox terrier saw his opportunity, returned home and cruelly left his companion lamenting. Never did the former seem happier or gayer than on that day when he had once more the sole run of the house, and he basked when later on the spaniel had been found, assisted up the wall and brought home.

Since then the fox terrier has repeatedly got the spaniel down the same place, with the usual result, and seems to glory in his mischievous act. Whether the "fat dog" will learn to avoid temptation to such a rambles remains to be seen.—Buffalo News.

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